

Let's Go to Prison

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Summary: DISCONTINUED! Not based off the movie. A misunderstanding gets the Hams in big trouble. Being normal citizens in a prison of vandals, murderers, and theives, which they have been wrongfully labeled as, they experience real jail life and all its glories.

XD

## 1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the show Hamtaro. I do, in fact, own my OCs though. I don't own the movie Let's Go To Prison, nor have I seen it yet. I just randomly chose this as the title and I might change it if I think of something else.

Author's Note: I had writers' block for my other stuff, so I decided to start a new fic, which I may not be continued either. XD  
Umâ€|yeah. I dunno if the rating will go up to M, because I'm pretty much a prude, but I dunno. When it comes to my other self, there's just no telling what will come, so yeah. Oh! I'm also adding more Hams in this because I was getting bored. I don't own any of them, FYI. You'll see when ya get there. XD Enjoy!

### Chapter One

Splash splash splash

The sound of running feet through the still water came down the alleyway as a large group of hamsters clothed in all black fled. Huffing, they turned the corner with stealth, nearing their destination. As they became closer, their strides slowed and their respiration began to ease into a regular pattern. The noise and sight of a slowing patrol car startled the one in the front, along with the ones next to him. He gasped, clinging to the wall with his back to it as to not be seen. The others followed suit.

Holding in their breaths, each Ham sweated despite the cold and the squad car sped up again. The three in front sighed.

"That was a close one," the first one breathes.

"Tell me about it, buddy," his friend agrees, wiping his brow.

"T-this is g-g-givin' m-me the creeps, g-guys!"

"Oxnard, you're fine," the one in the front assures.

"B-but, Hamtaroo!"

"Don't be such a chicken," the one in front of him sneers.

"Boss, be nice!" Pashmina scolded in a whisper.

"Let's go before another one comes!" Stan yelled. They started off again, reaching their target just a moment later.

Boss made a motion to Howdy, pointing at a crowbar lying conveniently in a heap of rotting garbage outside the rusty garage-like shop. He picked it up and promptly handed it to his friend, who held it high above his hardhat, which was now covered with a black nylon. Boss swung at the window hard, hitting it and causing the glass to shatter and collapse inwardly. Some shards flew out at them, but not many.

The alarm that had gone off was quickly muted by Maxwell, who punched in its default code after running to the other side of the spacious room. He gave a barely visible thumbs-up to his friends, who dove in through the broken window with care so to not get cut by broken glass.

Crouching in the large dark room, the Ham-hams began to search for what they had been sent for. With their only means of light being the streetlights just outside, each one staggered and groped around in the black, occasionally running into one another or bumping into things.

That's when Panda found them. He was so preoccupied with not slamming into a quietly bickering Sandy and Stan, that he had backed up into the mother load of television sets, all of which had an eerie glare from the light pouring through the broken window and the foggy looking iced one at the front, which unintentionally served for their goal.

"Jackpot!" he said in triumph.

"Ya found 'em? Hey, all! Panda found the TVs!" Howdy announced. They all came rushing over to help.

"Okay, how many did they say were taken?" Cappy asked.

"Eight, Ookwee!" Penelope responded.

"Well, there are sixteen of us, so if we double-up, we can make it in one trip," Boss happily said.

"Make it two."

"Whaddaya mean by that, Sparkle?"

She scoffed, looking down at her nails in the very dim light. "I mean, make it two trips. I'm not touching that dusty, heavy piece of shit and wearing myself out. Why are we doing this anyway? It's not like we were the ones who got them re-poed."

"Because we were asked," answered Hamtaro, slightly angered by her laziness.

Jingle strummed his guitar, holding his gaze on the floor. In his usual relaxed voice, he sang: "Try doin' something nice for someone, Sparkle. You may find it'll help you out tomorrow!"

"Um, okay. Whatever."

"I can't rhyme all the time. Like the diet of a hippopotamus, it just becomes so monotonous." The others sweat dropped.

"Anyway, I'll just sit out with Snoozer." Sparkle strutted off to the sleeping Ham.

"Why'd we bring him anyway?" Hamtaro questioned. Oxnard shrugged.

"Zu zu zuâ€|I needed the rushâ€|Zu zuâ€|"

"Ugh!" Everyone toppled to their sides.

Boss got up. "C'mon, gang! Let's get this done now and go! On threeâ€|Grooba!"

"Grooba!" The rest chimed, lifting the televisions up and carrying them off.

"Keep up the good work, guysâ€|" Snoozer drowsily encouraged from atop the one Boss and Hamtaro held. They all sweat dropped.

"What're we gonna do 'bout the last one. Dex?" Howdy asked.

Dexter shrugged. "We'll just say the other one got sold or something."

Cappy yawned. "I'm tired."

His partner looked back at him and replied, "We're almost done."

"But, Panda, I'm-"

Wee-ooo!

"HEKE?"

"Oh fuck! It's the cops!" Stan shrieked, dropping his half of the television, making Sandy groan.

"What are we gonna do?" Pashmina asked in shock, looking at Hamtaro.

"Sacre bleu! Zomeone do zomezing!" Bijou screamed. "I 'ope zey aren't 'ere vor uzâ€|"

"Like, shhâ€|" Sandy warmed.

Boss hung halfway out the window as the officer approached, shining a flashlight in his face.

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to set the TV down." He and Hamtaro obeyed, picking up Snoozer. The officer put his gun away when he noticed the others. "The rest of you do the same. You all have the right to remain silent."

"Uh-oh! Penelope had an accident!" Cappy giggled as the trembling girl waddled over and clung to Pashmina.

"You have the right to remain silent, but may I ask why those children's eyes are looking so bloodshot? Have you been allowing them alcohol?"

"No, Sir," Hamtaro solemnly replied. A large grin played on Howdy's face.

"Hey, officer! Your eyes're lookin' mighty glazed. Can I reckon you've been eatin' donuts?" He chuckled loudly. "Har har har yuk yuk y-"

"Alright! Now I'm \_forcing \_you to remain silent! Get in the cars now!"

The Ham-hams sauntered off shamefully, confusedly through the window and to the patrol cars, blue lights whirling around as they waited at the curb. Everyone squeezed into each of the four vehicles willingly. All but Sparkle, who was handcuffed and dragged out by two deputies to the car with some space remaining as she wailed.

"You can't send me to jail! Do you even know who I \_am\_?"

"No, Miss, but I do know when your court date will be," the female deputy replied sassily, slamming the door in her face and the cars drove away from the large repossession agency.

"I don't deserrrrve thiiiiiiis!" Sparkle screamed through her sobs. The truth was, none of them did. They had just tried to help out some unfortunate souls and now they were being carted off. So much for being niceâ€|

## 2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: Same as before, ya'll...yawns

Author's Note: Whoot! Twenty hits and no reviews! Yay! This is a record! I got the fourth and last Sisterhood book, so yay! I'm happy! I love Ann Brashares and want to write like her to an extent someday. She's my idol. Ya'll should read her stuff! XD

## Chapter Two

Pashmina played with the hem of her skirt and fixed her scarf,

tugging on its fraying ends as she slowly walked up to the stand. After her name had been called, her throat tightened and she began to sweat profusely, mopping the beads with the backs of her velvety paws. Taking in a breath, she let go of Dexter's equally clammy one and stood. Her heart skipped a few beats out of sheer anxiety, making her feel faint.

Breath quickened, she finally sat down at the stand, drained of all color, looking as white as the Bible page exposed towards her next to the rosy scarf she wore. The judge coldly cleared his throat, glaring down at her from his perch which was more like a tower. She felt the bailiff's stare as well.

"Miss Smith, would you please stand and take the oath?" he asked impatiently, holding the open Bible in one hand and fixing his navy badged hat with the other.

"Hm? Oh!" She got up on trembling legs and blushed. She bashfully looked down and placed her paw on the Holy Book.

"Do you, Miss Pashmina Smith, swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

Pashmina wondered why these things always had to be so serious as she replied quietly with a "Yes." Then she realized that in this case, her own and her friends', that it was as solemn as it had to be. Their fates depended on this.

"You may now be seated for questioning." Pashmina sat shakily, squirming as the plaintiff's attorney crept up to the front with his lawyer-esque shark-toothed smirk. That's when her eyes caught something a few feet away where the others were.

Maxwell subtly flailed his arms at her, frantically mouthing, 'Don't look so nervous! They'll think we're guilty!' She tried to obey and relaxed a bit, still feeling tense. She did not want to in jail for some ordeal she didn't fully understand.

"Miss Smith, on the night of the robbery-"

"Objection, your honor."

"Yes?"

"It wasn't a robbery, it was more likeâ€¢ community service!"

Groans, murmurs and a few gasps left the jury out of disbelief. The rest of the Ham-hams slapped themselves in frustration, sighing, wishing she'd picked her words more carefully. The judge looked utterly displeased.

"Any further objections from Miss Smith will be denied," he boomed, banging his gavel to the hard, round, and tall coaster-like thing on his podium. Pashmina angrily sunk back into her chair. "Mr. Clermont, you may continue to speak."

"Thank you, your honor." The man graciously moved his head down, turning back to Pashmina. "Miss Smith, when you and your friends broke into the repossession storage facility, what was going through

your head?"

Pashmina drooped further into her seat, gulping. She sat up again, slumping away in a timid fashion.

"I was thinking that what we were doing was good. I-I thought we wouldn't get in that much trouble by just trying to do something for somebody who was in need." was her meek reply.

"And how is stealing helping out anyone else? Who were you taking those televisions for?"

"I-erm- weâ€|We don't actually know their names, but when they told us they were victims of false repossession and that they needed our help, we volunteered." She took a pause.

Before she could continue, though, the man spoke again in a more aggressive tone.

"When things are repossessed, you usually cannot get them back without paying them off! â€|Am I right?"

"I honestly wouldn't know, Sir." Pashmina tried to be polite despite his scowl.

"Alright, so, say you did know. Would you have still gone?"

"Iâ€|ughâ€|"

"And tell me this. Since when did hamsters own eight televisions? What would they need all of those for?"

"Umâ€|"

"Hm?"

"â€| Iâ€| Weâ€| umâ€|"

"Are you in some sort of black market organization? A cult, maybe? Did you possibly think you were looting an abandoned area?" Pashmina remained silent, in shock.

"Miss Smith, please answer his questions," the judge said. Why did it seem like everyone was against them?

"I-I-Iâ€| I don't knoooow! Stop asking soooo muuuuch!" Pashmina wailed and burst into tears.

"Please step from the stand, ma'am."

She quickly obeyed the bailiff's orders and ran back down to her friends.

As she sprinted, Mr. Clermont grinned, shaking his head and muttering, "Blondesâ€|"

"Are so great to fuck," a jury member added, sheepishly, getting slapped by a woman next to him. The attorney looked up and grinned at

him, nodding.

Dexter rested a comforting paw on Pashmina's shoulder as she continued to weep. The others clustered nearer, feeling they were the only ones there for each other like a herd of deer during hunting season. It seemed as though everyone had their guns pointed at them, cocked and loaded. That's when Hamtaro was called to the stand for his testimony.

One by one, each Ham was interrogated. The jury was merciless, biased for the other side, practically having their minds already made up and the judge was not having a very good day. He was generous with convictions, but not with kindness.

But those were only minor factors compared to the main reason the Ham-hams felt they would lose this case. Their attorney had no idea what he was doing, and that diminished most of their hope.

"Zzz Zzzâ€|"

"Sirâ€|? Mr. Elder-Hamâ€|?"

"Zzzâ€|" The old man continued to snore.

"Hey, bub! Wake up so we don't hafta go to jail, ya fogie!" Boss roared in annoyance.

Pop!

Elder-Ham's nose bubble broke as the old man woke up. He opened his bushy, brow-covered eyes and looked up at the judge, disoriented as usual.

"Go on with what you were asking."

"Oh yes! How could I forget?"

"Yes?"

"â€|"

"You were sayingâ€|?"

"Go onâ€|" Mr. Clermont encouraged as well.

"â€| Ehâ€| I can't remember."

The inhabitants of the courtroom fell over.

"We're screwed!" Stan said.

"Oh yeahâ€|" Howdy agreed.

"I don't wanna go to jail!" Oxnard complained in a blubbered manner.

"Ookyoooooooo!" cried Penelope.

"Don't worry, Penny dear. I'm sure the rest will go fine," Pashmina reassured.

"Ouiâ€|Zat ees, eef vous 'adn't vucked zis up vor uz earlier!" Bijou snarled bitterly. Pashmina teared up.

The others looked at her in shock.

"Bij, that wasn't very nice," Hamtaro gently scolded.

"Or clean," Dexter agreed.

"Or ladylike," added Maxwell.

"Vell, eet's true."

They stopped and thought about it for a moment, looking at Pashmina then at each other. Shrugging, many replied all too simply,

"I guess you're right," and walked off as recess was called and the clock chimed noon. Pashmina let out a whiny groan, rolling her teal eyes, and stomped after them.

"We have reached a unanimous verdictâ€|" one of the jury members squeaked in a terribly high-pitched voice. The paper she held in front of her contained notes, suitable for her fur color.

"What'd I tell you about those blondes?" The strange man from the jury said to another, still dwelling on his subject from earlier.

"Shut up." He was slapped again by the same woman plus two or three more.

"What verdict have you reached?" the judge inquired after she'd finished her opening speech.

Slowly, she opened her mouth and slowly, the words spilled out, it seemed to the Hams. While they held paws or crossed fingers, her words seeped in. Hearts racing, lunches resurfacing, they all heard the answer as Jingle continued to softly play 'Taps'.

"We find the defendantsâ€| guiltyâ€| of attempted theft," she dramatically answered.

The judge whacked his podium with the gavel to silence the buzzing room. In his regular booming voice, he announced in a monotonous rush,

"Defendants are found guilty. Their fine will be set at one million dollars, all together."

The Hams gaped with jaws dropped and a loud inward,

"HEKE?"

They heard the judge.

One million dollars was a lot. Dexter grabbed his calculator and entered in the numbers, dividing by sixteen. He knew he'd be able to pay off his, and some of his friends could as well, but not everyone could, so, to be good friends, they chose the second punishment. They

were all going to jail for forty months, nearly a grueling four years, for something that was intended to be helpful, not criminal.

As they walked out of the building, blinding flashes and microphones were all around. The news wanted their scoop, but no one felt like talking as two slightly familiar faces came out of the crowd. The Hams tried walking past them, but they quietly called so nobody else heard,

"Thanks for taking the fall for us. It's better you go than us. Plus, we'll see if we can get you out." Those shifty eyes said otherwise.

At that, more charges would have been pressed, for each Ham wanted to shoot, stab, or drown those rats who got them into this mess. Good thing they had the sense to walk off right after having the nerve to say that. Tch. Some victims they turned out to be!

### 3. Chapter 3

Disclaimer: I don't own anything from Hamtaro. I own my OCs and I only borrowed the title from a movie. (Still haven't found something better...XD) I also don't own any commercial material mentioned/parodied/copied/etc. in this chapter.

\_\*\*Other self Alert!!!!!!!!!!!!!!\*\*\_

Author's Note: My brother finally got a fic up! Go check it out! He is Zackerdoo 11, but you can just go to my profile and click on my faves. Anyway, yeah. That's all I got to say. Sorry it took so long to update. We're now in the threshold of T to M and I think I'll change the rating when I post chapter four! Also, I'm having yet another case of Writers' Block for chapter three of TriDynasty, if any of you care. (I know I don't! XD) I dunno. Anyway, enjoy the randomly randomness of this chapter and turn tail if you're offended by swearing and/or references to...whatever! Just read! XD

### Chapter Three

The long bus was extremely bumpy. Some tried to sleep, some vowed not to get car sick, and others watched the scene change outside every so often as they moved through states with wavy and slightly blurred vision. Cappy and Penelope got into a fight, but couldn't hit each other for the same reason Maxwell's eyes were going cross and his wrists became stiff. All of their paws were chained to the seats with bulky silver cuffs.

Maxwell had politely requested he be allowed to read and regretted it now, only slightly. He would rather have his paws hang to avoid these cramps, but he continued on with his favorite hobby in spite of the pain, his head only inches from the page as he painfully flipped it.

A small, breathed out noise distracted him. It was followed by another and another. He looked to his right, where Sandy sat by the window, a twisted expression on her face.

"Sandy, are you alright?"

She made the noise again, louder this time.

"Mm... hm..." she replied in a strained way.

"Really?"

She stifled her groans.

"Yeah... Mmm..."

"S-Sandy, why are you...?"

The bus began to drive over rougher terrain. The land was made of rocks, mainly, making the bus lurch and hop more. Sandy tried harder to settle down, but broke down instead.

"Ah ah ah ah... Ooh gosh, Maxy. Yes! Mmmmmmm...Yes, yes, yes!" The tiger-striped ham-girl moaned loudly, making Maxwell's eyes widen in confusion.

"What are you doing?"

"Mmm... More, more, more. I want more!" she practically screamed as the bus bumped harder, picking up speed.

"Um..."

"Whoa, sis! I had no idea! Way to go, Max! You dog..." Stan said, laughing.

He would've stood up and jokingly patted his friend on the back for the very same reason Maxwell would have scooted away from his sexually excited, to put it lightly, girl-ham. In addition to the pawcuffs, their feet were shackled to the floor. Indeed, this was a criminal transportation vehicle, and they were being escorted to prison, but they were good hamsters who had good intentions and didn't deserve to be treated as felons. Then again, these guards probably didn't want to take any chances...

It was around the peak of noon and the sun was at its highest point. The hazy sky and arid scenery only made the hot air feel more intense. The Ham-hams could feel it from inside the even hotter bus as it slowly moved on. Hamsters were dehydrating, guards were not the windows for them, all was bleak. In fact, they held hostage the only fan on the vehicle, gathering around the tiny thing selfishly. This only made the Hams more irritable.

"Welp, ah giss this's only a taste'a what we're gonna go through at the jail..." Howdy pointed out weakly.

"What do you mean?"

"Ah hear it's surrounded by dessert, so no one'll run away... 'less they wanna die."

"That's only a myth, Howdy," Maxwell reported dryly. Even the calmest of Hams had had enough. That's why many tried to fall asleep after the land they were traveling on had evened out. He looked over at Sandy, who was sleeping too, and sighed. 'Thank God!' He leaned back

as far as he could in their seat when suddenly the bus flung to a halt.

A chorus of thumps and chains jangling filled the bus as the group was aroused. Groaning, Hamtaro sat up, looking over his seat at the guards.

"Are we there yet?" he asked with a dry tongue, almost pleadingly so. He was drowsy.

"Yessir," the driver mumbled out the answer and the guards undid the shackles and cuffs, forcing them out in a line.

-.-.-

"Oh yeah, Max? This was 'just a myth'? What've we been walkin' on fer the past ten minutes?" Howdy asked in bitter victory as their feet were being burnt on the sand that felt like hot coals. Everyone continued walking on in their chained up line, connected.

"Well, I only thought prisons like this existed in books and movies," he defended.

"Maxy, like, not to sound rude or anything, but you so totally need to like, get your head out of your world of literature," Sandy said, giggling sweetly.

"...And in between her legs..." Stan sheepishly continued, getting kicked by Boss in the back of his leg. "Ow!"

"Stanley!" Sandy scolded, turning red.

"I got it covered, Sandy!" Boss yelled to her.

"Ow!"

"Thanks!"

"Ow!"

"Had enough?" Boss asked teasingly, giving him another swift kick to the thigh, laughing.

"Ow! Yes! Ow! It's not my fault my sis is- Ow! Ow! Ow! Would you knock it off?"

Boss laughed menacingly. "Not until you-"

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Apologize!" Sparkle screeched, cackling.

"Ow! I haven't heard from you all day and now you decide to talk?"

Sparkle stuck out her tongue. "I needed my beauty sleep!"

"You're gonna need a lot more of that, sweetie!" Stan gleefully yowled, still getting kicked.

"Criminaals! Stop your bickeriing aaand line up!" An unfamiliar female guard stepped out and to them from inside the prison. She had opened the gate and marched up to Stan and Boss, glaring them in the eye. "Now, what's the discrepancy here?" she asked Boss. Her flared-out white fur blew in the very warm wind.

"He was being a pervert."

"About what?"

"His sister, ma'am." The woman snapped her head in Stan's direction, looking at him sternly and in question.

"Well, she had it coming to her!" he defended himself.

"Riiight... And what about the other female you were harassing? Where is she?" Sparkle took a step forward. "Oh, honey! You really DO\_ need to do something about that face!"

"Ugh! Excuse me? I'll have you know, my make-up artist barely has to do any work! I mean, with a pelt and such goddessesque looks like mine,- Hey! You're supposed to be listening! HEEEEEEY!"

The guard was standing by Jingle with a perplexed expression on. He continued to play his guitar and began singing.

"Happy peanuts fly, over chocolate-covered mountaintops

And waterfalls of caramel...

Prancing nougat in the meadow, sings a sing of satisfaction

To the world..."

She gasped slightly, in admiration. Tiny hearts flickered in her eyes.

"The world....!" was her quietly breathed statement as she continued to swoon.

'Hmm...That song... It sounds vaguely familiar to meh...' Howdy thought slowly.

"Hey! I'm still talking here!" Sparkle shrieked in aggravation. As she continued to yell and carry on, Dexter turned to Howdy and Oxnard.

"How did Jingle get out of his cuffs?" he asked. Looking, the other two gasped, eyes widening.

"Gawsh..." Howdy remarked, shaking his head. Oxnard only shrugged.

"Um... Miss officer, ma'am-?"

"Please. Call me Jackie..." she said angelically.

"Hey, Jackie...?" Cappy asked.

"Except for the rest of you! It's Overlord Jacqueline Mimentre to \_you\_!" she quickly snapped, not even looking.

"Can we just call you guard-lady?"

Jackie glared at most of them, one by one, making them all sweat. After she'd made her rounds, she finally replied:

"Sure, I guess. But, I'd prefer The Beautiful Sergeant Mimentre, if you're going to shorten it." She beamed, making everyone else sweat drop.

"Now," Sparkle began, "as I was saying..."

"I have a question!" Cappy announced.

"HEY!" both yelled as Jackie swooped over to Jingle yet again.

"How-How did you...come up with such a lovely piece?" she asked, eyes twinkling.

"Your pocket." He pointed. The guard looked at her left uniform pocket, confused, then saw something sticking out from there. She quickly pulled it out, revealing her melting Snickers bar and hugged it to her chest "It inspired me," he finished.

"\_My\_... pocket?" she nearly squealed. 'My pocket inspired him! Splee!'

"Mmhm," he simply answered, strumming again. Jackie nearly passed out.

"Really?" His strumming climaxed.

"Mmhm..." The music became louder and he began to sing. "My..." Everyone leaned in, in suspense.

"Bologna has a first name,

It's O-S-C-A-R...

My bologna has a second name,

It's M-E-Y-E-R..."

"UGH!" They all fell down.

"Hey! He's only singing commercial jingles!" Stan said, angered. "\_I\_ can \_really\_ serenade you..."

"Ah knew the other one sounded familiar! Ah heard it on the boob tube!" Howdy agreed, chuckling at Jingle.

"I love to eat it every day..."

"Oh really? Well, tiger, to '\_prove your love to me\_',..."

"And if you ask me why, I'd say..."

"Drop and give me twenty, or it's the stick for you!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Stan dropped to the ground obediently. "One, two, three..."

"That Oscar Meyer has a way with B-O-L-O-G-"

"Shut the Hell up!" Boss roared.

"Don't you dare tell my man what to do!" The guard ran up to him and pounced.

"Eh?"

"He's not your man, you psychotic bitch! You've only known him for five minutes!" Boss grunted.

"And yet, I'm already in love...!" Was her angry, yet dreamily sighed out reply. "Psychotic bitch? Ooh, you're gonna get it, criminal!"

"Why do you guys keep calling us that? Ouch!"

"Because we can! Yowie!"

"Eh...?" Jingle asked once again, watching with everyone else the rolling cloud of sand that was once a quarrelling Boss and Jackie rolling away. He began to wander off, still strumming his guitar.

"Maybe Herbert found his way here..."

"Hey, criminal! Get back here!" the two escorting guards yelled at him. Jingle continued to be oblivious. They ran after and tackled him.

"Lord, 'elp uz..." Bijou murmured, making the Catholic cross gesture. 'Zo much choaz already...' She sweat dropped.

A whistle blew, getting everyone's attention.

"Sergeants!" All three guards stood at attention, saluting.

"Yessssss-sir!"

"What in God's name are you doing to those criminals?"

"Again with that shit..." Boss mumbled. Jackie began pulling out her nightstick.

"You're supposed to cart them off, not kill them off! Get these hamsters into their waiting cells and I mean now!"

"You mean, I get to take this dashing young criminal to his cell, too?" Jackie asked wrapping herself around one of Jingle's arms tightly, blushing.

"Eh...?"

"That's kinda the job we want you to do..." The higher ranked guard replied, sweat dropping.

Jackie hopped away from Jingle and leaped into the air.

"Oh yay!" she squeaked, hugging her candy bar closer to her chest. Her embrace on it was a bit too hard and the package exploded, spewing chocolate all over her uniform, "Oh shit!"

Cappy and Penelope giggled at this.

"Ookyoo! She sweared!"

"Well, that's pretty much what it looks like!" Cappy giggled harder.

Jackie, guards one and two, and the lieutenant snapped around in the children's direction. Jackie marched over to their sounds and screamed without looking,

"You think this is funny? Well you can ju-" Once her eyes opened, she saw that no one was there. Cappy cleared his throat, causing the guard to peer down, cocking an eyebrow. "\_Kids\_?"

"What're we gonna do with them?"

"There's a juvenile delinquent center just ten miles down. We can take 'em there, but I think they're a bit too young." The lieutenant walked over to Penelope and Cappy, crouching down. The small girl screamed. "Now, don't be scared, little girl." He tried to sound soothing. "Do either of you have any older siblings here?" Both nodded. "Any sisters?" Penelope pointed a shaky finger at Pashmina, still crying.

"Miss, you'll have to go with them," the first guard said, undoing her cuffs and pushing her along with the children.

"Alri-"

"Wait! If my precious goes, I must, too!" Dexter said, determined. Pashmina looked hopeful.

"No. They only need her. You're stayin' here, bud."

"Pleeeease! I need to-"

"Dexy, don't fight with them..." Pashmina said, defeated.

"But, my love, why give up so easily?" he asked with teary eyes.

"They've already made up their minds. I don't wanna be in jail even longer for fighting with them."

"Heh. The girl has sense," one of the guards muttered under his breath.

"I guess I'll see you in four years..." Pashmina whispered gently, kissing Dexter's cheek as she was being led away, crying as well.

That's when they lost their composes.

"Pashmiiiinaaaaa!"

"Dexteeer!"

"I'll be counting the days until I see you again!"

She turned around, extending her paw. They reached for each other holpelessly. "So will I!"

"I love you!"

"I love you t-"

"Aw shaddup! With those screams, hamsters will be able to hear you nation-wide!"

Jingle started to play his guitar again. Groans came from all around.

"Nationwide is on your side..."

"Grr... Goddamit! Hey, I got one for ya, Jingle! How's this? ...The best part of wakin' up is I'm gonna kick your fucking ass!" Boss roared in annoyance.

Jingle still strummed and with his eyes closed, retorting mellowly,

"It's Folgers in your cup..."

"GRAGH! You just don't get it, do you?" Boss nearly jumped the spaced-out Ham.

"Enough, enough! Let's get you maggots outta this heat before you kill each other," the higher-up bellowed,

-.-.-.

Once inside, they were led down various empty halls, finally free of their pawcuffs and chains. A rumble came from deep inside the building, the cafeteria, they soon found out. Everyone was in there at the moment, but them and one lone in-mate. The first guard saw her immediately, nudging his partner.

"Hey! You!" the second guard barked. The in-mate jumped, startled,

"Y-yeah...?"

"What is your business out here, wandering the halls?"

"Yous gottit all wrong. I ain't doin' nuttin'," she replied in an accent that sounded like it came from The Bronx. (AN: Think Mafia...XD)

"Well, since you aren't busy, make yourself useful and take these new

hamsters to their cells," he said, grinning.

The brunette rolled her equally brown eyes, sighing deeply.

"You don't have a problem with it, do you?"

"Nah. No problems. 't'd be my pleasure..." she snarled, mock smiling. "C'mon." After she'd waved them over and began walking off, she felt it safe to talk. "Yo, name's Candace. Them pests you've been with are Scrub one and two. Them Scrubs...Ya don't wanna mess with 'em unless they got weak minds. Fuck with 'em up there, and yous got no more problems outta them. Yous can tell when yous see one. If ya need help, come ask me." She winked.

"What about the other guards?" Panda asked meekly.

"Like I said, don't mess with 'em or they'll give yous a real bitch. Do somethin' real bad'n they might even whack ya." She thought for a second in silence. "Say, what ya here for?"

"Stealing..." Oxnard replied, sniffling.

'What a puss...' Candace sweat dropped. "They bagged yous for that? That bites. How long yous in for?"

"Roughly four years," Maxwell answered as she pulled the elastic out of her hair, whipping it from side to side a few times before pulling it back up.

"Ouch. I'm almost done. Got a little more than a year and a half left. Well, hey, good luck'n remember," She leaned closer to them and whispered as the guards waiting for them opened up a line of cell doors, "don't let the Dial slip when the water drips." With that, they were hurriedly shoved into their temporary cells to wait for the warden's instructions and Candace was escorted away to either her own or back to the cafeteria.

"Huh?" Hamtarō asked after everyone was gone and all was quiet.

"I think she meant something along the lines for not dropping our soap while in the shower," Maxwell replied, somewhat confused.

"What's wrong with dropping our soap there?" Oxnard pondered.

"You'll get ass-raped," Stan answered coolly.

All of the Hams besides him sweat dropped and fell to their sides and onto each other, eyes widened.

Sandy pulled out her pink gymnastics ribbon and flung it at her twin.

"Stanley!" WHAP!

#### 4. Chapter 4

Disclaimer: I don't own anything from the Anime Hamtarō. Blah, blah,

blah, etc., etc., etc., rAwR

Author's Note: Okay, I lied. I'm keeping this at T for a bit longer. Nothing too bad yet. XD So, yeah. Good to be back! Sorry about that, everyone! lol Hopefully, I'll be able to stay. So... Enjoy, even though it's only decent compared to some of my other stuff. Hahaha! Not much else to say, so... Thanks for reading, all! Sorry for the unrewarding wait! x3 Oh yeah, and I dedicate this chapter to Kayleigh AKA LoveIsLikeDeath, Mel AKA Elric24, and Hollywood Knight just because I lurf them so much! ;D (hugs) And, of course the rest of readers out there who don't review. (glare) Joking! Anyway! Again, thanks so much for reading. I'm really excited to be getting back to writing! Wish me luck for keeping things up!

#### Chapter Four

Clump. Clump. Clump.

Ching ching- ca- ching chin.

Pashmina and the children were led down the bus' dark steps into the scorching heat of the afternoon. The sun radiantly shown, nearly blinding them and they all squinted into the dusty wind. Already given their pale blue uniforms- Pashmina was glad to not get orange like the hamsters in the 'Big Jail', it wasn't her color- along with cramped shoes, they sweltered further.

Ching ching- ca- ching...

"Stop dragging your feet. It's getting sand in my eyes!" Cappy complained.

"So...?" Penelope giggled and kicked the ground harder.

"Stoooop!"

Pashmina sighed. The chains jangled. The children bickered. God, she wanted out of here already!

Between the heat, miserable circumstances, and the dim future to come, Pashmina didn't think things could get much worse. At least she still had her health, probably not for long.

Ching ch-

She glared down at the binding chains. Great. To make things worse, her shoe had come undone. She sighed angrily. Wait! Her shoe needed retying! An idea came to her as she walked faster, nearly tripping Cappy and Penelope as she approached the guards escorting them.

"Excuse me?" They stared back at her coldly. "Erm... Since I'm pawcuffed, can you guys tie my shoe?"

She knew better than to expect them to actually do it, she just wanted to see if they'd give her an alternative...

One of the officers laughed.

"Do it yourself, criminal!" Pashmina fumed. Now she understood why Boss had gotten so upset at the name. Oh well, all in the plan...

"Could you undo my cuffs then, please?" There was a pause. 'Think, Pashy, think!' They still looked at her. 'Aha!' She folded her paws, pouting and widened her eyes. "Pwease...?" she asked again, cutely, tears welling up to add to the effect.

The guards turned to each other desperately, sighing. The first one came near.

"I guess..."

What harm could \_she\_ do anyway?

The man slowly took out his key and slid it into each cuff, slipping them off of her wrists. After this, Pashmina stepped back a few feet, then a few more, and took another few strides backwards to give her a little distance from them.

"Okay...? That's far enough!" the first guard shouted. He turned to the second. "What's she doin', anyway?"

The other shrugged. "All she's doing is tying her shoe. Why the Hell's she gotta go all the way over there for?"

"Women..."

"Blondes..."

The first guard grinned slyly. They both laughed.

As soon as he said that, Pashmina turned around briskly, walked a bit further, and glanced over her shoulder to see them one last time before...

She took a deep breath, and leaped into a sprint.

"Dexteeerrrrr! I'm comiiiing back for yooou!"

The guards exchanged horrified looks.

"What the H-"

"Holy mother of f-"

"Fudgecookiepaste! Who'da thought?"

"How'd we fall for that?"

"I dunno," the other blurted. "Hey! Get back here, criminal!"

"Stop her!"

Pashmina kept up her pace, panting and giggling shortly. It was a lot harder to run in heat and sand. She was sweating buckets already. Oh well, just a few more yards if she sped up since one of the guards had already started after her, and she would be free. Now, which

direction was the other prison...?

The officer didn't even have to run at the madly dashing ham-girl because...

Just a little further, she pushed herself. Almost out of range...

"I wanna come, Pashmina!" Penelope screamed.

"You will stay here, little girl!" the first guard yelled at her.

"Plus, they're probably gonna catch her real easy," Cappy added with a laugh.

"Run, Pashy, run!"

"Oomph!"

She fell right on her face, getting it covered in sand. As the second guard caught up and hovered over her, violently pulling her up and recuffing her, she sobbed and began to spit out the gritty stuff. She felt exasperated.

Why couldn't she have just tied her shoe first?...

-.-.-.

Stan's dash was going slightly more successful.

But not by much.

He darted down the one ward and went into the next, all the while being followed by a pawful of huge, tough-looking ham-boys. He desperately tried getting away from them, fearing for his life.

As he ran past a cell, the inmate in it hurriedly handed him a small razor blade. Staring at it in a confused manner that almost caused him to stop, Stan just threw the thing at his chasers without looking. One of them stepped on it and yowled loud enough to let everybody know.

"Grr... Yer ass's mine, faggot!"

At this, someone else threw Stan a condom. He sweat dropped.

'Well, if worst comes to worst...' he thought, gulping, pocketing it and running faster.

He sighed between heavy breaths. This was only his first day here and already he was about to be killed.

"C'mon, pussy cat, too scared to take a beating?"

Stan's eyes narrowed.

"It's tiger, if anything!"

They all laughed at this.

"Oh. Okay... \_tiger\_!" someone mocked. This fueled the gang's laughs.

He snarled, turning his head around while still running.

"Hey, Carlos, do us a favor and turn this guy's lights out for us, will ya? His staring is freakin' me out!"

"Huh?" Stan asked.

"Better stop lookin' at us, kid!"

"Hu-Ow!"

Stan's head pounded as he lie on the floor, staring up at the ceiling. He felt sick.

'What the Hell was that?'

It seemed he had collided with a nasty piece of piping that whoever it was had stuck out just in time for him to hit it.

Throb throb throb.

Stan placed a paw on his forehead to check for bleeding. There was none, but he still felt a considerable amount of pain.

"Ugh..." He closed his eyes tightly to subside it.

"You okay, fucktard?"

"Um yeah. Just gimme a sec- oof!" A kick to his side was all it took to really make Stan pass out. Everything faded to black and the only thing he could think about or remember was how this all started.

It was just minutes before, when he was walking down to supper and saw Candace in the hall. He didn't say anything to her and just walked by, when she clapped him on the shoulder quickly.

"Eh, bitch!" She said it so breezily, Stan didn't know what to do to react. She began waling back the opposite direction as Stan thought of something.

"Err... Hey, uh, even bigger bitch!" Stan chuckled lightly, smiling.

Candace stopped dead.

"What yous say?" she snarled, eyes still bulged slightly.

"Hm? Oh. A bigger bitch. Ya know, you're a bigger one than me!"

Chortle chortle.

Grunt.

"..."

"I mean, dudette, you're the biggest bitch of all the bitches,

right?" he laughed even more. This was bonding, right? They could be pals this way, \_right\_? He decided to go on since she didn't say anything back, most likely thinking of a comeback. In his mind, he was winning. "The Wicked Bitch of the West, yeah?" This was all a joke to him, but why wasn't she laughing along?

"Is dat so?"

He didn't catch the tone of her voice and looked mock bewildered. "Are you kidding me? Damn, you're like, the Queen of all bitches! The bitchy Grand Sheba, the-"

"Fellas!" she hollered.

"Yeah, Candy?"

"Whatcha need?"

"Dis guy givin' ya problems, Candace?"

The voices came from nearby, behind some cells.

"Fellas, kick his ass good for me."

"What! I was joking!"

He really was! Why was it that she could call him stuff and he couldn't have a little fun? It was not fair!

"Tell it to the judge," one of the men growled.

"We're gonna teach you how to treat a lady with proper respect..." Another grinned.

'Whoever said I was a lady...?' Candace cackled at her own thought, spitting off to the side as they clustered around him, beating their fists into their open paws. Stan gulped.

"I'm sure we can come to some kinda compromise, right follows?" They kept their eyes on him, inching closer. "Or not?" Stare.

"Aaaaahhhhhh!"

Stan began to run off and all the while Candace's dark laughter followed him throughout the ward.

These hamsters really needed to lighten up. Either that, or he would need to learn how to watch his mouth moreâ€œ!

## 5. Chapter 5

Disclaimer: I don't own Hamtarō or anything even remotely close. I also do not own the script, or the film "Let's Go To Prison". I just stole the name. XD None of the characters from either are mine.

AN: Wow! Been a while since I updated this! Sorry about that, everyone! I've been busy with school, and in a more romance mood than a humor or crude one. That, and I've been avoiding writing. (shrugs) I greatly appreciate it that you still read! Hope this wait was worth it! Enjoy! Think I'll be definitely raising the rating. Tell me what

you think. Should I keep it T or make it M? Soâ€¢ Anyway! Here's chapter five. Thanks, all:3

## Chapter Five

"I am prettyâ€¢" Sparkle whispered to herself adjusting her squiggly pigtails in her lavender ties with a small frown. " I AM PRETTY! "

"Sparkle, like, what the Hell? I'm trying to sleep." The groan came from a neighboring cell.

"You only wish you could be hot like me."

"If you're so much sexier than me, how do I totally have a boyham and you like, not?" Sandy snorted.

"Errâ€¢ Well, I justâ€¢" the tan and cream Ham thought for a second. "I don't like that kind of commitment. I have more fun this way." She stuck out her tongue at her genius lie.

"Riiight." Skeptical eyes narrowed at Sparkle for the other side of the iron bars. A small laugh left Sandy.

"Yeah. And hey, that "boyham" of yours hasn't even given it to you yet. What's that tell you?

"That he's so not a pig and like, totally doesn't think I'm a piece of meat."

"Tch. All guys are pigs, Sandra. Yours is probably gay."

Sandy gasped and reached her paw through the bars of their cells to pull Sparkle's fur, dragging her close to whispering range and asked in more of a whimper than the expected- judged by her expression-snarl: "You think?"

Sparkle grinned.

"Maybe."

"â€¢ What-ever!" Bonk!

"Ow, you little bitch!"

"Hah," Sandy sneered as she retreated to her bunk, Bijou still sleeping soundly.

"Well, I bet I'll get laid before you do here!"

Sandy boisterously scoffed. Who would want to do that in prison?

"K." She did. Just a bit.

-.-.-.

The girl tiger-striped Ham-ham approached her twin with a cupcake after lunch, smiling robotically.

"Oh, sweet and caring brother of mine!"

Stan raised a brow.

"What's up with you, sis?"

"I like, need a favor from you."

"Whatever it is, no."

"Uh!" But, Stanley! I brought you a treat!"

Her sibling snatched the cupcake out of her paws graciously and bit into it as he began to walk away.

"Hey, thanks!"

"Stanley!" the girl whined.

"What?" Stan whined back.

"I need you to give me that condom that one guy threw to you!"

"WHAT?!"

Sandy smiled bashfully.

"Please? For Maxy and me."

"Seriously? He's gonna do it with you? Damn! And this whole time I always thought you were just a cover!"

His sister sweat dropped.

"I so don't know for sure, butâ€| Can I have it? â€| Pretty please?"

"Hell no! Who knows when I'm gonna need it? There are plenty of chicks to bang here! Plus, I might need it for a favor or if someone goes after me again!" Stan protested, pointing to his black eye.

Sandy pouted. "I'll do whatever you want for two weeks!"

Stan still shook his head. "Uh-uh. Sorry. Not gonna happen."

"Fine. Be selfish." She started to huff off. Turning around, she yelled, "You totally owe me a cupcake, jerk!"

"Have fun making me an uncle!"

-.-.-

"Soâ€| You're not going to screw me?" Sadness covered her voice mixed in with some anger.

"No man! I don't fuck guys!"

"I'm a lady, for your information!" Sparkle barked. "You don't

deserve me anyway! Hmph!"

The tactic of being overly forward didn't work. Puzzling over it, the ham-girl trudged down the corridors during free time. What now? That was the seventh guy she'd tried it on. Perhaps word got out that she was a slut. Heh. Wasn't that far off, Sparkle giggles to herself. Then it hit her. Literally. Someone accidentally splashed her with water as she passed the showers, causing her to yelp in surprise and disgust.

"You lousy bast—" Her fuming ceased as an idea popped in her head.

'Don't drop the soap!'

She got her things and practically ran into one of the showers, waiting for a few minutes before conveniently squeezing the soap out of her paws. Slowly, she bent over, peering between her legs as numerous others went by and stayed like that for a while more.

Nothing.

She attempted dropping it again and received no attention at all as still more strolled past. Grumbling, she kept at her efforts until her skin had began to look like a prune under her overly-matted fur.

Maybe it was just the wrong crowd that day.

-.-.-.

There was definitely a 'crowd' where Oxnard was, though.

Everybody seemed to be like hawks at this hour in the shower facility. The chubby, gray and white patterned hamster trembled as he stepped in after a long day's worth of license plate stamping. He still sweated despite the cold water from nervousness, glancing around skittishly.

'N-nothing's g-g-gonna happen t-to y-y-you, Oxy.' He told himself and started to wash.

Feeling eyes on him, his grooming was sped up and he frantically scrubbed his body to get out of there.

"Ughâ€| ughâ€|" Oxnard panted in fear. Just as he got to his back was when it happened. With eye very wide and filled with dread, heart sinking in doom, he watched the white bar fall through the air, hitting the wet floor.

Debating started in his head. Should he just leave it? They wouldn't give him another one until the end of the month! Should he try to retrieve it? That seemed to be the only optionâ€|

Oxnard gulped, staring over his shoulder for a minute or two and when he felt safe enough, took the plunge.

He went to get his soap, but got a little something else with it.

-.-.-.

Needle ready, the short Ham next to a hardly shaking Dexter looked down and gruffly asked,

"Whaddaya want put?"

Without any required thought, he replied, with a sudden loss of breath and huge grin,

"Pashmina!"

"Tell me when."

"Now."

"Spell it for me. Pâ€!"

Dexter clenched his teeth and slammed his eyes shut, muffling his groans of pain in the makeshift tattoo parlor. "A."

It felt as if the man had stabbed the letter on.

"Okayâ€!"

"Err Sâ€!" The needle stung its way through his arm. "AH! Aie!"

"Got it."

"Hâ€! Yowwie!" He wrapped his paw around the chair's arm, grabbing it tightly.

"Mmhmm."

"M-I-N-A! AHHHH! God, save me! Owww! Make it stop! Make it stop!!! The paaiin!"

His carrying on had reached all the way across the ward and one guard turned to the other next to him, alarmed.

"Lieutenant! I think one of the female inmates is giving birth!"

## 6. Chapter 6

Disclaimer: I only borrowed the characters from Hamtaro. I stole the title from the movie Let's Go to Prison. XD But, fear not. I own neither original.

### Chapter 6

All Sandy could see was a scowl from her adversary in the next cell when she looked up from braiding Bijou's baby doll fur.

"What was that again, Sparkle?" she asked innocently, trying not to laugh. The girl began to hum instead.

"Does a girl count?" Sparkle demandingly questioned.

Sandy had been thinking over it since the first time she'd asked, an decided to herself that yes, fornication with another female would count. But, since she had not achieved her part of the bet, and loathed to see someone else- especially the likes of Sparkle- win, she lied and answered quite simply:

"Nah, I totally don't think so. Like, good try, though." Smirk.

"UGH!" Sparkle threw herself on her cot and moped.

"Sorry, but, no penis, no deal," Sandy added. Bijou, who'd been sitting quietly this whole time in deep amusement, giggled.

Sparkle wasn't the only one having difficulties that morning.

While he was scaled the aisles again, Stan became even more desperate for an open shower. He hadn't taken one in days, fearing getting into another run-in with some thug once more. Despite the guards surrounding the area, he was still afraid. He had less than twenty minutes left of his morning free time so he had to move fast.

Finally, God had smiled upon him and there was an unoccupied stall. Even better, a young woman-ham had stepped out of it. Better still...

Candace had come out of the same one.

Drool poured from Stan's mouth as he became wide-eyed at seeing such a surprisingly heart-sinking wonder.

'Oh man! My (wet) dreams have finally come true...!' he squealed in his mind.

Boiiing!

Panda was sweating like a pig in his pawcuffs as he was lead through four different wards by a couple of guards. He wasn't even sure why- He hadn't done anything! Perhaps they had confused him with another inmate, as unlikely as that was.

A few more moments and a lot more panicking later, the door to the main office of that particular ward was opened from inside. Stepped aside another guard, who had Panda's escorts seat him. There was a lady his age a few chairs down, but he was more interested in the gaping dents on the desk in front of him. There was hesitation in his step as he was summoned elsewhere, behind the main door in the office.

"I understand you're good with your paws, boy." Panda gulped and nodded, smiling at the warden as he realized he was in no trouble, but rather had been called in for a favor. "Guess ya already saw the wreck one of the others made..."

"Yes." He sighed. Others. Panda and the other Ham-hams were cracked out to be no better than a grubby crook. A murderer, even.

"Think you could fix it?"

Panda's dark brown eyes twinkled once again. "I know I can fix it!"

"Good... Very good." The older man stroked his chin thumbing through Panda's tiny file. "You're not in here for much," he commented. "Tell you what. If you fix things up for us and promise not to steal anything, I'll have 'em take a year and a half off your time- with probation, of course."

Panda wore a shocked expression. This offer was almost too good to refuse! Had he come alone without the baggage of, or love for, his friends, he'd have taken it without thought. But, since they were here too, he thought about it a lot, irritating the warden. He would hope his pals would be happy for him and understand the circumstances, but what if they turned out hating him instead? He'd visit.

Before he could weigh the pros and cons and properly consider the consequences, the phone by the window rang, bringing Panda's eyes to where the sound came from. It was nice to see the outside again after a few weeks in such a bleak place. He didn't get any outside free time until next month. Maybe with this new "job", he could work out there more often. With this thought, he finally accepted.

"Alright, then. Step out there for a moment while I take this."

They shook on the deal and Panda's heart sunk a bit. He was led back out into the waiting area, where he stared at those intrusions on the desk blankly, with less enthusiasm this time. The red-headed girl nearby scooted down to the seat next to him and smiled timidly when she saw his frown.

"Good Morrow to ye. I'd be Anna." She extended a paw to shake.

Panda glanced up. "Oh. Hi. Panda." He didn't shake. Just a moment ago, he shook and it had possibly ruined his life more than being in jail had.

"Hard time as a prisoner, aye?" She was obviously a new-comer looking for a veteran's advice and even though Panda wasn't what most would call an experienced criminal, it was clear to Anna by the weary look on his face that things were going to be rough.

Panda hummed out a sigh. "Yeah... Say, what are you in for?" He asked this without much interest, but enough to question because she looked too sweet to be a crook.

"Illegal immigration."

"Heh," Panda said, smiling weakly.

Pashmina's bored sigh almost had melody to it as she tapped her claws against the table hosting a study group. Since she was no longer in school and hadn't a clue about math, she had no idea why the guards gave her the job of tutoring these kids.

She had hoped to get a group Penelope and Cappy's age so that she could stay with them as she was told to do, but that was rather rare because they were so much younger than most inmates at the detention

hall. Instead, she got stuck with a bunch of scary looking teenagers. They all kept staring at her.

Finally, the last pupil strutted in. He was a tall, scruffy-furred, beautiful boy who seemed to be quite apathetic by the blank- almost dopey expression on his face.

Pashmina smiled at him stiffly, welcomely. Her heart jumped.

"I take it you're the oldest here?" she peeped in curiosity for reasons beyond even herself.

"Ah, yup. Moving onto the big boys' jail in a few months even," he said gruffly.

"You mean, you're seventeen?" Pashmina inquired a bit too excitedly.

"Mmhm."

"Wow. You look a little young for your age..." she mused, batting her eyelashes without knowing it.

"Say, why aren't you at the prison instead of JV? You look way too old to be here."

Pashmina frowned but shook it off quickly. How could she possibly be angry with the boy when he had such handsome blue eyes?

"If you're saying I look mature, then thank you."

"Haha," he stiffly laughed. There was no response from the others. "You're pretty funny," the teenager stated dully, flipping his shaggy black hamhair. "My name's Geoff," he added.

'\_Geoff...\_' Pashmina smiled fondly at him, a small blush creeping on her face. '\_What a cutie!\_'

-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-

Well, here it is, after almost a year! Sorry, all. Been SUPER busy and well, I've had this written in my notebook since November, but since school came up and so forth, I didn't get to type it until now, after the holidays! Ugh! But, anyway, here's the new installment. Sorry it's not so interesting or all that long, but I promise next chapter will come much sooner and be much better!

This one is for all of you who have been so kind (and brave enough! lol) to review! And... Again, this one is for my number one fanfiction fan and friend, Hollywood Knight. Without him and his support or encouragement, I wouldn't be writing anymore, I bet. So... Thanks, HK. Thanks a lot! And I really hope you have a wonderful New Year! That goes for everyone!

So, thank you so much again, all! For taking time out of your day (and holidays nonetheless) to read my stuff. I truly appreciate it and I hope that all of your new year is filled with delight! Thanks for the patience and the support! Happy 2009! See y'all when I get back from my hiatus. Hopefully soon. ^^; Take care!!

End  
file.